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TABLES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY FITCH H. BUNNELL.

Author of *Emma Gray*, *True Love Rewarded*, *The Piano*, &c.

THE quiet and sequestered little Village of Rosedale, is situated on a creek of the same name, in one of the western counties of Pennsylvania.—Rosedale creek is a simple, unpretending little brook of twenty miles length, running in a serpentine course among the Mills, which once seem to have dammed it up, and caused it to form beautiful little lakes in many places. It finally has overcome them all, and now makes its way uninterrupted, except by precipices and declivities, over which it leaps, forming numerous waterfalls. At length it ends its course by jumping madly over a rock, twenty feet high, into the Monongahela river. It now loses its identity, and flows smoothly onward to contribute its mite in forming one of the noblest rivers in the world.

The Village is situated on the left bank of the creek, about ten miles from its mouth. It contains half a dozen stores, which seem to have been constructed more for durability than ornament. A kind of warfare appears to have been going on, at the time they were built, each striving to surpass the other in the size of glass in the front windows.

The Godly inhabitants, were also tinctured with the spirit of emulation, in constructing their places of worship. Consequently, one meeting house would have a very tall steeple, and the second would be placed half its length in front of all the other buildings, by way of eminences. The third to compensate for this, would have a bell, and every peal that it sent forth, bespoke its superiority over all the others.

The school house was a little dingy white building, much the worse for wear, or tear rather, as most school houses are. The absence of a panel in the door, through which the smaller urchins made their escape, while the larger ones opened it, showed the inhabitants to have the sagacity of the man who having a very large cat and also a very small one, though himself under the necessity of having two cat holes.

One afternoon, in the month of September the goodly inhabitants of Rosedale were very much surprised by the arrival of a young man, apparently about twenty one or two years of age. He

stopped at the hotel, and depositing his trunk and valise in the bar-room, desired the landlord to show him a room, and informed him that he might wish to reside with him for some time.

At once conjecture was on tiptoe concerning the stranger, throughout all Rosedale. Various were the opinions formed of him, and various were the reports that went the rounds among the news-bearers of the village. Finally, seeing that the stranger did nothing but what other men could do, they became quiet again, and he was looked upon as any other rational being.

The young people of Rosedale were again thrown into a flurry by the announcement of a party at Esq. Wendell's. Immediately all was preparation for the important event. It was rumored that the stranger was to be invited. Dresses were remodeled, new ribbons were purchased for the occasion, and slippers and gloves were in excellent demand. All proper arrangements were made by Esq. Wendell's family, which consisted of George and Jane (the former twenty one and the latter eighteen) and the old people.

The important day at length arrived, and such a washing of buggies, and sleeking of horses were never before witnessed in the village of Rosedale. At early candle light the party began to assemble, and all seemed happy and joyous as young people are wont to be on such an occasion. They had nearly all arrived, with the exception of the stranger, and all were anxiously awaiting his arrival.—Some thought it quite improper for Esq. Wendell's people to invite a man to their house of whom they knew so little. His character might be far from what it ought to be, and indeed some of the wisest had suspected as much for some time.

Their deliberations were shortly interrupted by the entrance of the stranger. George, who had previously become somewhat acquainted with him, immediately introduced him to the company, and in a short time you might see him perfectly at his ease in conversation with various groups of ladies, who seemed to have entirely forgotten that his character might be doubted. In short, he became the universal favorite of the ladies, and equally the disfavorite of the gentlemen. Each one suspected that he paid more attention to the lady he fancied than to any other. Thus matters went on till tea was over, when arrangements were made for a social dance. Each beau selected his own sweetheart, and soon the whole party were engaged in the intricate mazes of a French cotillon.

The stranger, whose name was announced as Dilwin Danforth, not choosing to join at first in the

dance, stood at one end of the room, conversing with Esq. Wendell, and viewing the various changes of the dance, and the individuals that composed it. He saw with surprise and pleasure, that the practice was by no means a new one, as some of the ladies in particular were exquisite performers, among whom was Jane Wendell. She scarcely misplaced or ruffled a curl of her glossy hair, which waved tastefully over her forehead and fell in beautiful ringlets over a neck and shoulders of snowy whiteness. As the music and the dance grew animating, a rich freshness would mantle her cheek, which the dewy rose may emulate, but never equal.

Her partner was a kind of a half dandy of a lawyer, with altogether more whiskers than sense. His name was Charles Huntly. His movement through the dance was awkward and uncouth. It consisted of a sort of a shuffle and a slide, with an alternate stamp of his heel to indicate the time.—He was a man of much self importance, and when he perambulated the streets of Rosedale, he sported a very large black walking stick, with a very large ivory head upon it. On the whole, he was more fool than fop; yet the unsophisticated beaux of Rosedale considered him a very formidable rival. His whole aim was to render himself agreeable to Jane, and the more studious he became to please her, the more she despised him. The other young men, with a proper sense of his superiority, withdrew all claim to Jane's favor, and left her to be teased by his impudence and soppiness.

The first set being through, the gentlemen again began to choose partners for another. Danforth, desiring to join, then made his way to where Jane Wendell was seated. He politely invited her to be his partner, which invitation she as politely accepted. About the same time Huntly came bustling up, and informed Danforth that he expected the honor of Miss Wendell's hand for that set.

"Pardon me sir," said Danforth, "I was not aware of the fact."

"Will you relinquish her now?" asked Huntly.

"No," was the emphatic reply.

Huntly, highly enraged, turned away, indistinctly muttering something about revenge, redress, &c. His words or his manner little disconcerted Danforth, and he was soon forgotten in the engaging conversation of his partner.

This occurrence very much pleased the male portion of the company, as they considered it part payment for the trouble Huntly had caused them on former occasions. Each lady was as much

vexed at Danforth, for choosing Jane in preference to herself.

During the remainder of the evening, Jane and Danforth were very often seen in each others company.

Thus the evening passed on, till the party were admonished by the kitchen clock that it was time to break up. They had nearly all retired, when Danforth took his leave, after being strongly invited by George and the Esq. to visit them as often as convenient. He walked towards his boarding place with pleasant thoughts and beautiful images flitting through his mind. He gladly accepted the invitation of the Wendell family, and almost every evening found him at their house. The acquaintance, so agreeably commenced, was none the less agreeable by its continuance, and the friendship of Jane and Danforth, by maturity, ripened into love. Their hearts were firmly united by the bonds of affection.

It was a great wonder to the ladies of the village how Jane Wendell should fancy such a man as Danforth. It was also ascertained that he was a man of no property and they all thought it a great pity that Jane should be so silly as to have anything to say to him.

Winter having nearly arrived, preparations were being made for the commencement of the village school. Danforth signified his willingness to engage in it, and consequently was employed for the ensuing term. His merits as a teacher were soon tested, and his employers manifested entire satisfaction with his professional labors. He soon became quite popular among the good people of Rosedale, both as a man of letters and a public speaker. He had addressed the meetings of the Rosedallians several times quite to their liking. This very much vexed his friend Huntly, who had been thrown far into the back ground on many occasions, when Danforth was chosen secretary of public meetings, &c. in which capacity, Huntly had previously acted. Indeed, he was quite overlooked, and nearly forgotten as a public functionary.—Such neglect could not be brooked by him, and his soul was fired with revenge. He had fully determined to identify Danforth with some disgraceful affair, and thereby lower him in the estimation of the people. His whole mind was wrapped up in some scheme to accomplish his end; but as often as his plans were tried, they failed, and the consequences rested on his own head. At length a circumstance transpired, that seemed to promise Huntly better success.

One of Danforth's scholars had disobeyed on many occasions, the known regulations of the school. He had frequently been warned of the consequences of his conduct, but to no purpose.—He continued to transgress, until the patience of Danforth was quite exhausted, and he applied the birch in right good earnest, just as any other sensible man would have done. It happened that Danforth was not of that class of teachers who govern entirely by words and none by deeds. He well understood that a law without a penalty was just no law at all, and his scholars understood that his laws had a penalty, and whenever one of them was wilfully transgressed, the offender found what that penalty was. We would, by no means, have our readers infer from this, that Danforth was a lion in school or unkind to his scholars. Far from it. Any one of them would have spilt his blood,

if necessary, in his defence. The offender in this instance, found that the way of the transgressor was hard, and took his seat, not wishing to have the operation repeated. The affair was soon forgotten.

But judge of Danforth's surprises, when, quite early the next morning, he was summoned to appear, and defend himself against a charge for inhumanly pounding and mal-treating, George Murry, the son of John Murry. This news ran like wild fire, throughout the village. Danforth's friends disbelieved the report, but how were they astonished, when they saw the boy, and found him so shamefully beaten. This aroused the anger of Murry, and he was determed to have redress by the aid of the law.

This circumstance mightily pleased Huntly, who was employed as counsel for Murry. The story was reported by him with infinite delight and gratification; for he now saw the tide of public opinion in Danforth's favor, materially checked.

The inhabitants, as the story increased, which it did every time it was repeated, became exasperated, and in the heat of the moment called a school meeting and requested Danforth to withdraw from the school. He complied at once, stating at the same time that he did not wish to teach longer, as matters had turned out. He did in no way attempt to defend himself, but waited in silence for the day of his trial. He was conscious that he had done the boy no wrong, but that it was the work of some other hand. He, however, well knew that any statement he might make in his own favor, would be of no avail. He knew not how he should defend himself, but rested on his own uprightness of purpose, and a consciousness of having done nothing wrong.

One evening, as he entered Esq. Wendell's house, finding Jane alone, he with a heavy sigh said, "Well Jane, I suppose you consider me, as all others do, a hard hearted and cruel person, a monster in human form."

She raised her dark blue eyes from her embroidery, and looking into his face, said, "Dilwin, do you suppose that *I think so*?" and a tear stole from her eye and trickled down her cheek.

"Pardon me, Jane, I did but jest, I did not believe you thought me such," exclaimed Danforth.

"Indeed, Dilwin, you spoke with such an earnest voice, I really thought you meant it, but I will forgive you if you promise never to fool me so again."

"I promise," replied Danforth, "and if you wish it, I will inform you of the whole affair: a thing which I have done to no person, knowing that none but you would believe me."

"Do, Dilwin, and I will believe you though all the world should tell me the contrary."

"Thank you Jane, for that. It is simply this—I did whip the boy, which of course I don't deny, but I did not misuse him at all. I punished him no harder than I have many others, and the fact is, though I fear much that I can not prove it, that some other one has beaten him to bring me into trouble, I know that I did not strike him hard enough to raise a ridge on any part of his person, and the boy himself, manifested no uneasiness at the punishment he received."

"I hope you can prove yourself innocent of the crime alleged against you, Dilwin, for many think you wronged the boy very much."

"I am aware of it, Jane—I am aware of it, but something may come to light, that will prove the truth of the case; at any rate I must abide the consequences if there does not."

The day of the trial at length came, and the cause was tried. The plaintiff very easily proved that the boy was punished beyond the bounds of reason or justice.

Danforth had no witnesses to rely upon but the scholars, and their testimony was so different and conflicting, that little confidence could be placed upon any of it. From their youth, or inexperience, they testified to entirely different things in regard to the same circumstance. Such testimony could not be relied upon. The fact that the boy was punished by Danforth, and no proof that any body else had punished him, was strong evidence in the mind of the court, that he was thus beaten by Danforth, and consequently, he was fined twenty five dollars for unreasonably whipping George Murry.

Danforth was deeply mortified at the result, and none the less, because it seemed to be such a rich feast for Huntly. He laughed about it, he talked about it, and spread the news as far as possible.—He succeeded well, and as the story went from the scene of action, it increased in a wonderful ratio.—The paper of the next county got it that the boy kept his bed a week, the next a month, and so on, till when it got away up into York state, on looking among the paragraphs of "disgraceful occurrences" it was found that the boy died the next day and that Danforth was now awaiting his trial for murder.

This was too much for Danforth. He could not remain in a community where he was thus degraded, and he made preparations for departing. He had one matter to settle before he left, that weighed heavily upon his mind. But his course seemed plain before him, and he had sufficient courage to do his duty, when ever it became known to him. In this case it was a painful one, and required an effort to perform it. He could bear the jeers and the taunts of his enemies, he could withstand the insults of those he despised, but to tell the one dearest to his heart, that he must leave her for a long time, perhaps, a very long time, touched a tender cord in his manly bosom. He knew he was debased in the sight of all who knew him in Rosedale; save, perhaps a few, who were too generous to believe the vituperations, that were in circulation about him. The good inhabitants were not at loss for reports to gossip abroad, and many and vile were the falsehoods which they spread concerning him.

His purpose was to leave Rosedale, and never return unless he could prove himself innocent of the charge against him. His business was settled up, and he repaired to Esq. Wendell's, for the next morning he was to take his departure from scenes that called up thoughts, both painful and pleasing. When he entered Jane's apartment, he found her employed, as was usual at that time of day, with some useful book or the news of the week. He seated himself by her side, and said, "Jane, tomorrow I leave Rosedale."

"Do you, indeed? When will you return?"

"Never, until I can prove myself innocent, and God only knows when that will be."

"Surely, Dilwin, you jest again," exclaimed

Jane, this being the first she had heard of his intention.

"No, Jane, you mistake me, I am truly in earnest. I can not think of remaining longer in a community where I am despised."

"But you may never be able to exculpate yourself."

"Then I never again set foot on the streets of Rosedale. But, Jane, let us hope. I have ever been taught that truth will finally triumph over falsehood, and in all my experience, I have found it true. I know my own heart, and do not fear to trust to Providence for a complete redemption of character in this community."

"Dilwin, I fear—"

"Tut! tut! Jane—no fears—hope."

Danforth well knew that words would not alleviate the pain of parting, and arose to take his leave. She accompanied him to the door, and in spite of her efforts to check them, tears of sorrow fell from her eyes. Her heart was full. He reassured her of his undying attachment, and she wept as a child.

Danforth could no longer control the manly emotions, that heaved his aching bosom. He whispered a word of hope, and they parted.

Spring again made its appearance with all its accustomed beauty. The grass looked green and beautiful, and the forest was clothed in rich foliage. The birds had returned from their winter abodes, and sung sweetly among the branches of the forest trees. The lambs skipped and bleated on the hillside, and the ox lowed in the field. Every body in Rosedale was lively, cheerful and happy save one. Jane Wendell was lonely and sad. All the happy scenes around her afforded her no delight.—Her friends saw the rose fade from her cheek, and her usual cheerfulness forsake her. The gayety and mirthfulness of the village party had no attractions for her, and when she joined in them, it was more a task than a pleasure. The society of those with whom she once associated, was insipid, and those she once respected, she now despised.—Spring passed, and summer arrived, and also passed away. Autumn, with its ripe and yellow fruit, fled away on the wings of time, and the icy arms of winter had locked up all nature in their cold embrace. The gentle rivulet, that murmured so sweetly beneath the umbrageous trees in the glen, was now silent. The feathered songsters had flown away, and nature was lonely and desolate.—The cold winds of winter whistled rudely over the hills that surrounded Rosedale. On such an evening as this, the stage stopped at the "hotel," and two men, closely wrapped in travelling coats, stepped into the house. One of them was Dilwin Danforth, the other, a man with whom he had met in the state of Ohio.

Danforth soon repaired to Esq. Wendell's, where he found the family comfortably seated around a blazing fire. They welcomed him with all the warmth and kindness, which they felt in their hearts. He soon enquired for Jane, and was shown into the sitting room where he found her, employed with her needle. When she had sufficiently recovered from her surprise, she arose and greeted him warmly and earnestly. She did not fall into his arms, nor faint, as many fictitious ladies do on meeting their lovers.

Jane and Danforth again spent a happy evening

in each others company. He briefly gave her the history of what had taken place with him, since he left Rosedale; the substance of which, will be found in the sequel. The next morning he visited Mr. Murry, and they held a long conversation, and in less than two hours, Charles Huntly was summoned to appear and defend himself against the charge of assault and battery on the person of George Murry. The truth flashed across his mind, he had been detected.

Again the news-bearers of Rosedale were furnished with a stock in their line of business, and poor Huntly suffered intensely from the officiousness of his friends in spreading the news of his misfortune. He had not the firmness which sustained Danforth in his trouble. The former rested on the flimsy foundation of a guilty conscience, the latter on the broad platform of truth and innocence.

The day of trial came, and Huntly defended himself with great pomposity, feigning to be undisturbed. As yet nothing of importance had been proved against him, and Huntly even began to hope that the truth might not be revealed.

James Benton, (the man who arrived with Danforth,) was now called upon; and immediately, all eyes were turned towards the stranger, who stepped up to the stand. At once Huntly grew pale and trembled violently. All the guiltiness of a criminal was visible in his countenance, and not one in the room doubted his guilt. It takes no very penetrating eye, to discern the difference between the cowardly quaking of the guilty culprit, and the confusion of the innocent man, when accused.

On Benton's examination, the following particulars were elicited:—That on the same day that Danforth's affair happened, as he was riding along between the school house and Murry's—which is near a mile and half from the village, he heard the cry of some person in the direction which he was travelling. He quickened his pace, and as he made a turn in the road, he saw a man violently beating a boy with a rude cudgel. He rode up, and on enquiring the cause, was informed that the boy was a saucy thief, who had many times been caught stealing apples from his and other people's orchards. The man went his way, and thought but little more of the circumstance. Huntly told the boy to begone, and if he ever mentioned the thing, he would the next time, whip him to death. This intimidated the boy and he kept silence.

Benton was asked if he could recognise the boy. He thought he could, and he was brought in. He at once recognised him, and testified that it was the same, whom he saw the man beating. He was then asked if he could recognise the man. He assured the court that he could, and said he, pointing towards Huntly.

"Notwithstanding he is now minus a pair of whiskers, that is the man."

This was enough; the cause was rested.

Huntly was sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, and to six month's imprisonment in the county jail. He was soon waited upon, crestfallen and dejected, with all the honors due his station, to his future place of residence.

How astonished and amazed were the goodly inhabitants of Rosedale. Fickleness and inconstancy formed the chief ingredients of the Rosedalian character, and how loud were their acclamations in favor of Danforth, whom they so lately had despised and even insulted.

The tale-bearing tongue of Huntly was now silenced; but be it said to the honor of his neighbors, that they spared no pains in giving his fame publicity. Thus much of Charles Huntly for the present.

It was evening, the winds were all hushed—and the pale, full moon was shedding her silvery light o'er the inhabitants of half a world. Dilwin and Jane were slowly walking along the foot-path, that leads from the road to Esq. Wendell's residence. Numerous shade trees were set on either side, and the soft rays of luna, struggled hard to find their way through them.

"Jane," said Dilwin, as they walked towards the house, "you perhaps, thought not a little strange at my leaving you so abruptly last winter. But being involved in such difficulties as I then was, and being thrown into dishonor among the people, I determined never to ask your hand, until I should clear myself from the imputation of crime. I never could wish to remove you from the high station you occupied in the hearts of all who knew you, and place you on a level with a criminal before his judge. The stain which then attached itself to my character is now removed, and Jane, I now come to ask you if you will marry me."

Jane in the simplicity and artlessness of her heart, answered, "Yes, Dilwin, I will."

"Then I am a happy man," exclaimed he, pressing more firmly the hand which he held in his.

"Are you, indeed?" replied Jane, "then I also am a happy woman."

From that night, three weeks, Jane Wendell and Dilwin Danforth, were united by the inseparable ties of holy matrimony.

Fifteen years have rolled away on the wheels of time, since the incidents, we have recorded above, transpired in Rosedale.

We now lift the curtain, and again behold the principled actors in our humble story, still acting their parts in the great drama of human life. Danforth removed from Rosedale to one of the beautiful villages in the western part of New-York, where he established a private school. Among his scholars were found the children of the most respectable inhabitants of the village. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of all who knew him, and he now represents the people of — county in the state legislature.

But we have a very different tale to relate of Charles Huntly. He was a profligate and a villain. He continued to sink deeper and deeper into the depths of degradation and infamy, until he is finally lodged safely in prison for the crime of perjury. Here we forever leave him, not wishing to record the deeds of so worthless a vagabond.

Reader, the conclusion is this. He who makes virtue and truth his standard for action, regardless of every obstacle, will rise above the slander and calumny of the vicious, and become a useful and honored member of society; while he who takes the opposite course, will surely end his days in worthlessness and disgrace.

Maine Village, N. Y. 1850.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on a sad heart.

BIOGRAPHY.

CALEB C. COLTON.

THE author of "Lacon" was educated at Cambridge, where, in 1804, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he obtained a fellowship. He took orders, and was presented with the livings of Tiverton, Kew and Petersham. These, with his fellowship, produced a liberal income, but his necessities or eccentricities caused him to reside in an obscure garret, where he wrote the most celebrated of his works, "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words." By this he acquired considerable reputation, and his disappearance soon after, on the murder of WEARE, a person with whom he was supposed to have had some gambling transactions, induced a rumour that he had been assassinated.—He left England however only to avoid his creditors, and came to America. Here, under an assumed name, he remained two years, at the end of which time he went to France, where he continued to reside for the residue of his life.

In Paris, he devoted himself to literature, gambling, and trade in pictures and wine. He wrote the celebrated letters in the London Morning Chronicle, signed O. P. Q.* which attracted so much attention during the time of the Greek revolution, and several pamphlets on French politics and the state of Europe. He was deprived of his church living for non-residence, but is said to have more than supplied the loss with his cards and dice. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau, in the summer of 1832.

The habits of Mr. COLTON, in his most prosperous days, were peculiar. A friend who visited his lodgings in London, when he was in the zenith of his reputation, describes them as the most singular and ill-furnished apartments he had ever seen. Keeping no servant, he swept his own floors, and lighted his own fires. He had but a single chair fit for use, but his closet was always stored with wines and cigars of the finest qualities, and he received his guests therefore without a thought of apologies for the meanness of his rooms. Notwithstanding his dissolute life, few men were ever more earnest and constant in their advocacy of virtue; and the eloquence and energy with which he delivered his public discourses, sometimes led his parishioners to think he had reformed his morals. On one occasion, he surprised his congregation by a sermon of extraordinary power, uttered with the most serious and impressive voice and gesture; but on leaving the pulpit, with gun in hand, he joined his dogs, and drove to the house of a sporting friend in the neighbourhood, to be ready for the next day's chase.

"Lacon" is doubtless a work of great merit, but the germs of many of its ideas may be found in Bacon and other authors, and some of its passages are commonplace in both thought and diction. Mr. COLTON's other production are "A Narrative of the Sampford Ghost," "Remarks on the Talents of Lord Byron and the Tendencies of Don Juan," poems entitled "Napoleon," "The Conflagration of Moscow," and "Hypocrisy," and "Modern Antiquity, and other Lyrical Pieces," published after his death. They are very unequal, and are marked sometimes by a redundancy of epithets, at

others by a condensation which renders them unintelligible, and nearly always by a straining after effect and antithesis. One of the finest of his pieces is that beginning

"How long shall man's imprison'd spirit groan?"

which was written but a few weeks before he entered unbidden the presence of Him of whose laws he was so conspicuous a teacher and violator.

Mr. COLTON's political writings are among the most powerful and original essays in the language, but they were on subjects of temporary interest, and are forgotten. No work of its kind ever attracted more universal or lasting regard than "Lacon;" but with a perversity of judgment not without parallel in the histories of men of genius, he regarded "Hypocrisy" as the most perfect and enduring of his productions.

MISCELLANY.

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

A TRUE STORY

I WAS on my way to P—, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house about four miles from N—. There was something strange and remarkable in the action of my horse; nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him.

I determined to gratify the whim and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting-room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them, but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded," 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us: we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I felt unusually lonesome and if it were not bordering on the superstitions, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived—from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away. My young hostess was intelligent and lovely, and the hours flew so quickly, that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring, and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep but myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting on my bed in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one—its last vibrating sound had

scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady. Mine was next to the staircase. The step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determining to watch or listen to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious. The sound of the step stopped at my door—then followed one as of applying the ear to the keyhole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, not a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound: for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door mine seized on the other. A deep silence followed the movement. It seemed as if he heard the sound, and waited the repetition. It came not—all was still. He might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry I caught glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber. Through the half opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he, gracious Heaven!—a negro!

For at that moment a tall fierce looking black approached the bed; and never were Othello and Desdemona better represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense—my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each a few seconds. His eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor!

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper—she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her; with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me!—take all! you cannot, you will not kill me, sir?"

The servants now rushed in—all was explained.

The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in years called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

* This signature was subsequently used by a letter-writer of inferior abilities. Mr. Colton's correspondence ended we believe in 1831.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Our readers must have noticed, before now that the tone of remark and feeling with which clandestine marriages are commented upon in conversation, and by the press generally, is one of levity and undisguised satisfaction. It is commonly regarded as one of the best of jokes, if a foolish daughter of fifteen or sixteen years of age succeeds in outwitting father and mother, and runs off with a comparative stranger. Editorial wit is taxed to its extremest capability to render ridiculous the distress and anxiety of the bereaved father, as he follows his wandering child. And if fortune favors the runaways, and the knot is tied before the parent can interpose a warning word, the general joy is rapturous. It is a triumph of young love over stern, unsympathising, tyrannical household authority, which call for the merriest celebration. Or, if the idea should occur to any, that all is not quite right in such cavalier treatment of parents, it is soon apologized for by the sage observation that young folks will be young folks.

Take it all in all, a stranger to our manners and customs would be likely to infer that parental rule and counsel implied something very dreadful and oppressive, and that the young ladies of the land were held in a home bondage of the most unjust and ungenerous character.

At the risk of being regarded as very old fashioned, we shall nevertheless acknowledge that we rarely can see any thing of the nature of a good joke in a clandestine or runaway wedding. We confess to a feeling of sadness and evil foreboding, when we hear that a girl who is a mere child has made up her mind to repudiate the love and anxious care of the mother who bore her, and of the father who has cherished her as his life—that she has turned her face away from the altar of her home, from the nest of her infancy and put herself into the hands of a man whom her parents dare not trust.

We need hardly remark that marriage is the great event in woman's life, from which all other events take their coloring. If she err here, her whole life is one of unavailing penance, of scalding tears, of sharp and blighting sorrow. She cannot go back and undo her fault; she dare not look to the future, for it is all desolate to her. These things being so, it follows that a young lady should yield her heart and hand only after the most prudent and cautious forethought.—She should avail herself of the wisdom and experience of those who love her, and above all, of her parents, and after all, she will feel that the chances are sufficiently numerous that she may still make an unwise choice.

But, in most of clandestine marriages, the girl is a child; ignorant of the world; without experience; deficient in judgment; her mind probably filled with false notions and fanciful day-dreams, derived from novels and romances. She meets with a young man at a party or ball, or, no matter where, who seems interested in her, and she is flattered by his apparent admiration. He conducts her home; calls on her the next day; repeats his call, and they are thenceforth in love, if they were not at the first glance. They have become the Romeo and Juliet of what is a play in the outset, but a tragedy in its close.

The incompetency of the young girl to estimate the character of her lover, is perfectly apparent to every one but herself. It is enough for her that he

appears to love her sincerely and ardently. He proposes marriage to her and is probably accepted without reference to the parents. He entreats that an early day may be named for their union. If there is any doubt of her parents' concurrence, this is granted too; and if parental objections or difficulties threaten to interpose, an elopement is the next question agitated and agreed to. They are consoled by the thought that there is something romantic in a runaway match; and that such things are rather praised than condemned; and besides, after all is over, it will not be difficult to make up with father and mother.

A reflecting woman would see that the young man who sues for her love without the sanction of her parents, gives *prima facie* evidence that something is wrong about him; something that shuns investigation. A woman in her right mind would say, "My parents I know and confide in; they love me and my happiness; their lot in life is bound up with mine, so that if I err, they will be wretched. They shall be my counsellors. I will not trust my own too partial eye to investigate my lover's character, and I will refer it to them." Such would be any prudent girl's course, and such a course would seldom if ever, end in an elopement.

But such is not the course of that large class of young girls who figure in runaway matches. And the consequence is, that such girl fall an easy prey to the thousands of genteel loafers, worthless, portionless and heartless vagrants who contrive to keep up a respectable exterior by preying upon society.

While we write these lines, we think of the multitudes of young, thoughtless girls who have fallen into such hands, and found, after a few months of married life, their terrible mistake. They see when it is too late—they realize when there is no remedy for it, that they have plunged into an abyss of misery, instead of stepping into a heaven of earthly bliss, and now casting themselves once more upon the parental bosom, exclaim in a concert of agony, "Would to God we had never wandered hence!"—*N. Y. Organ.*

AN INCIDENT.

About ten months ago, Mr. John M. Spear, upon one of his usual visits to the the Police Court one morning, noticed among the prisoners a youth who was poorly clad, and for some cause was weeping. The philanthropist sat down by his side, and the following conversation ensued:

"Why are you here, my son?"
 "I am accused of selling newspapers, sir without a license."
 "Are you guilty?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Have you been arrested before?"
 "Yes, sir, twice?"
 "What for?"
 "For selling newspapers."
 "Why do you persist in doing it?"
 "Because I don't know what else to do to get a living."
 "Have you a father?"
 "No sir, my father is dead."
 "Is your mother living?"
 "My mother is a drunkard; she don't take any care of me; I don't know where she is now."

As he uttered those last words, the deep waters

of the little fellow's soul burst forth afresh, and he expressed his grief aloud.

"Where do you lodge?" continued the philanthropist.

"Near Union street, sir; I pay nine-pence a night for my lodging in advance, and I buy two plates of beans in the course of the day, for which I pay as much more."

"How do you spend your evenings?"

"I walk about the street, or go into the auction rooms."

"Why don't you sit down in the house where you lodge, by the fire, and read?"

"Because the woman of the house is poor. She has no room for me at her fire."

"Would you like to go into the country and work, if a place could be obtained for you?"

"Yes, sir, I would be glad to go and work for my living. I don't want to stay in Boston; but I have nobody to get a place for me. I don't want to go down to the jail again."

The philanthropist now spoke to the Judge respecting the prisoner. This seemed to worry Mr. Power, the petty tyrant, and clerk of the court, who seems ever ready to throw frozen water upon anything that does not harmonize with the discordant music of his soul. He volunteered to inform Mr. Spear that it would be of no use to try to do any thing for that boy, because he had twice been sent to jail for the same thing before, and it did him no good.

"That is a good and sufficient reason," was the calm and determined reply of the philanthropist, "why he should not be sent there again."

After some conversation, the Judge reduced the fine to one cent and costs, which the philanthropist paid, and then taking the boy by the hand they both left the court.

Now for the sequel. Mr. Spear took the boy to his own house, and supplied him with food and clothing, and then obtained a place for him in the country. Last week, the day before Thanksgiving, the grateful boy, for the first time, came into the city to see his benefactor. He had been steady at work at the place which Mr. S. provided for him, and is still at work there, earning nine dollars a month and his board.

Such is the lesson which charity teaches us.—We will not moralize upon the evil which would have pursued that boy, had he been left to the mercy of the police court—but thank the generosity of him whose only wish is to heal the wounds of woe, and who always

—bath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity.

for his noble service in the cause of benevolence.
 —*Boston Chronicle.*

THE SILVER CUP.

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

THE palace of the Duke de Montre was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them bright as mid-day. Along the walls glowed the priceless tapestry of the Gobelins, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases filled with flowers stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shrouded in their golden frames above. In the great hall stood immense tables covered with delicacies from

all lands and climes. Upon the side-board glittered massive plate, and the rich glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now bold and high, floated through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloon. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jewelled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvets. Courty congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had made a new step in the path to power. Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the Duke replied; but his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded.

"When did my first born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned a lesson that sunk into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then, at thy command, I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments, and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished.

"We went on, and, father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtain, and watched him eagerly and wistfully, as he rode away. She was very, very lovely, fairer than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty. We saw her gaze around on the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned, her husband lay helpless on a couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

"Once more we paused. A carriage stopped before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearing of a Duke were visible in the moonbeams. We waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move, and he gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out. Sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were torn from his mantle, and his plumed cap was crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his dutchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up and laughs over its victims, in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me.—Shall I drain the cup?"

The Duke looked wonderingly upon his first born, and then, placing his hand gravely, yet fondly upon his head, answered.

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison, as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, darkens the intellect, and destroys the soul. Put it away from

thee, and so thou shalt grow up wise and good—a blessing to thyself and to thy country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face, and, moved by the same impulse, all rose, while one of their number spoke.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," said he, "and thy rebuke shall not be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the passing season; we now congratulate him upon the best of all possessions—a son worthy of France and of himself."

The haughty courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy.

But the father took him to his heart; and even now among the treasured relics of the family, is that SILVER CUP.

From the Richmond Republican.

THE TWO HEROES.

It has been the fortune of Ireland, that prolific mother of heroism, eloquence, and song, to produce two personages whose names, even among the list of her immortal children, stand sublimely pre-eminent, and bid fair to defy all the buffetings of change and of time.

One of these characters is now an old man, his form bent by the pressure of advancing years, and his eagle eye, which once drank in, unblenching, the full blaze of the sun of glory, is waxing dull and heavy as it gazes through the dim twilight of old age, upon a world which to him has long since lost its freshness and beauty. Wherever he treads, however, crowds look upon him with profound respect; even nobles recognise the higher nobility of nature, and kings feel prouder of their throne because it is sustained by such a pillar. Time was when that infirm and decrepid form sat erect in the saddle, the centre of the chivalry and the leader of the armies of Europe; when, upon every step of his, the fate of some kingdom hung, and upon the result of his wisdom and decision were suspended the destinies of a world. Well may men make way for his trembling gait, and history seek to embalm his every act in the roll of immortality, for in him Ireland has given to the world one who has conquered the great conqueror of the earth, and proved himself, upon the crimson field of Waterloo, master of the king of kings.

And yet, how little does the world, how little does even the country that bore him find to regard with sympathy in the career of Wellington. There is much in it to admire, much to fear, but how little to love! For every deed of greatness that he has performed, how many lives have been offered! For every smile that he has earned from fortune, how many human bodies have been piled up in mountain heaps to propitiate the bloody demon of war! For every star that shines in his diadem of glory, some far more precious gem, wrung from the casket of a bleeding heart, glistens in the eye of the widow and the fatherless! Every laurel that he wears upon his brow has grown in a soil fertilized by human blood. Five millions of the human race have fallen in the front and the rear of his fiery columns, and, to this enormous harvest of death, his native Ireland gave the first fruits of her valor and her chivalry, till every proud old hall within her borders sent forth the cry of bereavement, and every peasant's lonely cabin echoed it in sorrowful wails of desolation.

We turn from this hero to another—for Ireland has another hero whose fame bids fair to rival him of Waterloo. He is a man who never saw a battle, or fired a hostile gun. Still apparently in the prime of life, he has achieved conquests as far superior to any ever accomplished by Wellington as the soul of man is greater than the body. He saw his native country made captive and ensiaved by a monster vice more terrible than the fiercest soldier, and more cruel than the most relentless tyrant. He went forth, as simply armed as David in his contest with Goliath, bearing no weapon of human device, and unfolding no banner but the emblem of our salvation. Yet, wherever he has gone, his cause has gained a succession of the most glorious conquests recorded upon the page of history. His victorious course, instead of being marked by fertile plains laid waste, by thriving villages destroyed, by beautiful cities burned down, may every where be traced in cottages rebuilt, in the wilderness blossoming like the rose, and deserts fresh and musical with the rush of flowing streams. His triumphs, wonderful as they are, have brought no crimson upon any human cheek, save that with which returning health visits the wan cheek of disease, they have caused no tears to flow from any human eye, save the cleansing tears of heavenly penitence. Such is Ireland's hero of RESTORATION! Is he not greater than her hero of DESTRUCTION? Such is father Mathew! Are not his victories more marvellous than those of the Iron Duke?

If he is to be considered a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, how much more exalted his position who is the means of developing some virtue, not only where none existed before, but in the place of a noxious vice, causing soberness, peace, industry, charity, and happiness to spring up, like plants richly laden with fruits and flowers, from the deep corruptions of a drunkard's home. And what shall we say of him whose influence has brought about this result, not only beneath one roof, but throughout the limits of a nation? What shall we say of the victor who wears upon his breast the medal inscribed, not with five millions slain but five millions SAVED? What shall we say of the humble but devoted philanthropist who has rescued from the lowest depths of human debasement the bright pearls of honor, truth, manliness, generosity, and love; and whose unostentatious but unintermitting labors, with their miraculous results, remind us of the coral insect, from whose lowly but perpetual toil an island rises above the ocean wave—an island barren at first and solitary, but soon visited by the birds of the air, and freshened by fertilizing rains, until at last it glows with verdure, attracting to itself the footsteps of man, and radiant with the smiles of heaven.

Such were the reflections suggested to us by Father Mathew's recent Christmas visit to this city. The holiday bells seem to hail with a cheerful voice this messenger of peace and good-will among men, and we could almost fancy a responsive strain from the distant harps and organs of the skies, in honor of one, through whom such multitudes of sinners have been brought to repentance. Great champion of humanity, the writer, though of a different faith, cannot but say, God speed him on his grand career—his glorious mission of mercy!

IN A DISAGREEABLE FIX.

HOOPER of the Lafayette, (Ala.) Tribune tells the following good story :

During the fall of 1845, while we were editing the Wetumpka Whig, we one day met Gov. Fitzpatrick coming down from the post office, which was kept in the second story of a building, the basement of which was used as a municipal prison. The grating of the calaboose window was just upon a level with the way by which the office was approached ; and upon the occasion referred to, there stood at it a fellow from the up country who had been put in for some trivial offence. He was awfully impatient—his wagon having gone on—and, as the Governor was passing, hails him with :

"Hallo ! Ain't thar no way for me to git out'n here?"

"He applies, Governor," said we, "for Executive clemency."

"My friend," said Fitz, "I have no power in your case. The council is sitting up stairs ; you must apply to them."

"I have ! d—n 'em," replied the prisoner and I wish you to run up stairs and hurry 'em."

"Oh," replied Fitz, "I can't interfere, but I'm really sorry for you—your situation must be very disagreeable."

"Disagreeable ! D—n it if you was in her, up to yer eyes in nastiness, and a whole camp-meetin' of great big fleas keeping 4th o' July on your fresh meat, I judge you would think 'twas rather disagreeable."

The Governor started off.

"You're goin' are you?" came from the grate "well go and be d—d!"

Fitz paused and looked back.

"Look here, stranger," said the prisoner, pathetically ; if you can't do nothin' else for me, git 'em to let you come in here, and fetch a deck. We'll have some amusement—I ain't so low as some—I've six bits in silver!"

His Excellency shook the dust from his feet in a hurry.

STAMP ACT.

When Dr. Franklin was agent to England, for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry, for his opinion respecting the Stamp Act ; but his answer was uniformly the same—that the people of America would never submit to it. After the news of the stamped paper had arrived in England, the minister again sent for the doctor to consult with ; and in conclusion offered this proposal :

"That if the Americans engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c., the parliament would then repeal the act."

The doctor having thought upon the question for some time, at last answered it as follows :

"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressed the first Englishman he met there—

"Hah ! Monsieur, give me de plaisir, de satisfaction to let me run dis poker only one foot into yer body."

"My body !" replied the Englishman, "what do you mean?"

"Vel, den so far," marking about six inches.

"Are you mad?" returned the Englishman ; "I tell you if you don't mind your business, I'll knock you down."

"Vel, den," said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner, "Vil you, my good sir, only be so obliging as to pay me for de trouble and expence of heating dis poker?"

RELIGION IN CALIFORNIA.

REV. O. C. WHEELER, in a letter dated San Francisco, says:—"I am trying to preach, to labor, to pray ; and love my work, but have never seen a harder task than to get a man to look through a lump of gold into eternity. It is more like beating the air, like contending with the elements, like confining the tide or stilling the tempest, than I have hitherto supposed could possibly exist. Men come to church and pay more than respectful, serious and interested attention to all the services, and go away expressing their joy at such an unexpected privilege. But to the inquiry "how did you enjoy the exercises?" the listener most likely replies, "Rising, sir, fifty per cent higher than the same rooms rented for last month." "Were you not interested with the church music?" "I am somewhat interested—that is, I have about a dozen lots, and, sir, eight of them are worth \$20,000 each."

THE EXTENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

It has been computed that the United States have a frontier line of 10,750 miles, a sea coast of 5,430 miles, a lake coast of 1,160 miles. One of its rivers is twice as long as the Danube, the largest in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the noble Hudson has a navigation in the Empire State one hundred and twenty miles longer than the Thames. Within Louisiana are her bayous and creeks, almost unknown, that would shame, by comparison, the Tiber or Seine. The State of Virginia alone is one-third larger than England. The State of Ohio contains 3,000 square miles more than Scotland.

From the capital of Maine to the "Crescent City" is 200 miles further than from London to Constantinople, a route that would cross England, Belgium, a part of Prussia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey.

BIGOTRY AND AMBITION.

If those alone who "sowed to the wind, did reap the whirlwind," it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent, which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

"MOTHER," asked a six foot gawkey, after two hours of brown study, "what did you and dad used to do, when he came a courtin' you?"

"Good airth and seas ! what deu you mean, Jedediah?"

"Why, I went a courtain' last Sunday night ; I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I ax her to show me how, and says, she, "ax your marm." So now I want to know what you and father did."

"La suz ! Why, Jed, we used to sit by the fire and eat roast turkey and mince pies, and drink cider, and watch crickets runnin' round the harth."

"Good gracious ! times ain't as they used to was, mother, that's sartin. I was all slicked up to kill, and looked tearin scrumpshus, and the only thing Peg gin me was a raw pickle!"

A DROLL story is going the rounds, of an honest old farmer, who, attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him, for a moment, and then shaking his fist at him exclaimed "D—n your apologies—you need't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowing' and scraping—you did it a purpose, darn you."

A WITTY man saves on the fuel wonderful. Who the deuce was ever cold while he was kept in good humor ?—For keeping away winter from the heart the sunshine of devility is worth all the anthracite in the world. Our wood dealers tell us that vinger-visaged men consume twenty per cent. more hickory than any other consumers they have got ; and we believe it, for if any thing will keep a family chilly, it is to have the "head of the house" given to melancholy and cold potatoes.

LIFE-LIKE.

THE Philadelphia Galaxy says an artist of that city painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the cow commenced eating the cabbage !

DARKNESS.—A blind darky with an extinguished candle in a dark cellar, looking for a black cat that wasn't there.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. S. Danby 4 Corners, Vt. \$1.00 ; J. H. Charlotte, Mich. \$1.00 ; P. M. Allen's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00 ; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00 ; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$5.00 ; J. S. Lawrenceville, Pa. \$2.00 ; R. R. E. Vergennes Vt. \$1.00 ; S. R. O. Volney, N. Y. \$5.00 ; H. M. Lowville, N. Y. \$1.00 ; E. L. B. Seelysburgh, N. Y. \$3.00 ; P. M. Hoosick, N. Y. \$9.66.

MARRIAGES.

At Churchtown, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Jacob C. Duy, Mr. Stephen G. Miller to Miss Emelia Waldorf.

At Mellenville, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. Jacob Finger, to Miss Julia Ann Clum, daughter of Mr. Wm. Clum.

At Churchtown, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Jacob C. Duy, Mr. Cornelius Brundage to Miss Elizabeth Silvernail, both of Anacram.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 11th ult. Corolla, daughter of Elihu Gifford, Esq. aged 16 years.

At Austerlitz, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Ruth, wife of David Niles.

At New-York, on the 7th inst. Anna Jenkins, widow of Ammiel Jenkins, formerly of Hudson.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

VASHTI.

BY MRS. LUCY A. BROCKSBANK.

WITHIN proud Shushan's golden gates once reigned
A mighty king, whose jeweled sceptre swayed
O'er eastern realms—from India's coral coast
To Ethiopia's benighted plains; and at
Whose potent nod, whole nations tremb'ling—bowed.
Proud of his majesty and might;—of wealth
And grandeur vain, the king his greatness to
Display, a sumptuous banquet made.

Before him

Stood the princes, and nobles of the realm—
Together grouped the power of Mede and Persia
With wily subjects—fawning courtiers, and
With secret foes.

Behold him now;—the haughty king—
In gold and purple robed.—A galaxy of gems
The glittering crown that rests upon his brow!
The gorgeous trappings of the court—the throne
O'er shadowed by an arch, whose diamonds
Twinkle like the "lamps of heaven" as if
To rival e'en the star-lit canopy
Of night.

The 'broidery of shining gold
That swept the polished pave, or hung in folds
Voluptuous, around the pearly pillars
Of the throne, where sat in regal pomp and
Pride—the great Ahasuerus.

The wine went around—
The royal wine, in cups of gold, goblets
Bright with gems, from which, with freedom all
Partook; yet none were pressed, and none compelled;
For thus the king commanded.

Most gracious majesty!
Well were it for the honor of thy name
Did here thy history end! Alas! alas!
Although a monarch, thou wert still a man,
Thyself, a slave to passion, and to wine!
Seven days the feast continued;—
Seven days the ruby nectar flowed—and lo!
The king—the great Ahasuerus drank
Until his heart was merry.

Not drunk—
Mark ye—but "merry." "Twere treason thus
To speak of him who once upon the throne
Of Nation's sat, in majesty severe.
What though the heated brain should throb and reel
And wisdom sit dethroned!—doth not the crown
Remain upon that witless head? What though
The palsied hand its royalty resign
And as an elder brother greet the old
"King Alcohol!"—Doth not that dishonored
Hand the royal sceptre wield?

Ahasuerus, then
Was merry; so he called his chamberlains
And bade them bring his queen—the beautiful
Vashti, before her potent lord;—that she
Might dance in robes of gossamer, before
His honored guests, and thus her charms parade
(Like wanton actress of more modern days)
Before the host of revellers.

None dreamed
The queen would dare to disobey, because
Forsoothe, she was a wife!—hence she must be
Of soul, and will bereft—a mere machine
To work a husband's will!

Mistaken mortals!
Had the "merry" king not parted with his
Wits, he ne'er had issued that command, nor
E'en desired his beautiful wife to play the
"Fool" before a crowd of drunken guests—what
Modest maiden, or what faithful wife would

Th us resign, the honor of her name?

Now,

The boisterous mirth is hushed! the merry guests
In silence all, await the promised scene.
Lascivious nobles long have sought that
Beauteous face to scan; for lovely, was queen
Vashti, and virtuous as fair.

But lo!

She comes not!—hath she then presumed her "lord"
To disobey?

Rash queen!

The like was never
Known in Shushan! what! a woman dare
A will? Strange, that Nature gave no sign of such
A dire disaster!

Then was Ahasuerus wroth!
Wildly his anger burned;—his visage mocked
The purple of his royal robes—his flashing
Eyes outshone the gems that glittered in his
Crown.

Like magic changed the scene—The "merry"
King was now transformed into the "wrathful
Spouse." And then the noble guests "encored" and shoved
To fan the flame that raged within the royal
Breast.

"Not unto thee—not unto thee, alone—
"Oh King!—but unto us—thine honored guests
"Hath been the wrong. Thus will our wives soon learn
"Their "lords" to disobey, and we shall be
"Despised. Therefore, if it please the king, let
"Vashti come no more into the royal presence—
"But let her crown be laid upon the brow
"Of one who willingly shall dance before
"Thy people, if it be thy pleasure so
"To give command.

Thus spake the "Sages"—"Hear!
Ye wives, and learn of those with whom perchance
All wisdom died!

Then issued forth that famed
Decree, with royal signet sealed,
"Let wives obey;—
"Let husband's rule, be they wise or be they fools.
"Tis the command of great

AHASUERUS.
What followed then—did he the shock survive?
Fear not!—pride and self-love, like noxious weeds
Are loath to quit congenial soil. In wrath
His word was pledged—ne'er more to be recalled,
His anger died away, but still survived
His power and wounded pride.

Officious
Vassals soon supplied a pattern for their
Wives;—for love 'twould seem hath nought to do with
Royalty. Beauty bartered for a crown
And cast aside at will.

"Wiser by experience grown,"
The king forbore to give command, nor dared
To combat more with woman's will—hence
Esther proved submissive quite;—a "model"
Of a queen.

What of Vashti?—did she e'er repent the
Act that robbed her of a crown?—rather, methinks—
Did she rejoice to be thus freed from royal
Bondage, and from golden chains.

Hudson, January, 1850.

For the Rural Repository.

AN ASPIRATION.

BY ISAAC COBB.

Oh! that but once these feeble eyes might gaze,
On scenes illumined by celestial rays,
Where Cherubim from glory's lofty height,
Behold Jehovah on his throne of light!
Oh! might one strain of pure seraphic song,
But flow from heaven's emancipated throng,
So I with fair Urania could hear,
Though nought save echo reach my mortal ear!
Then might I feel the pains of earth no more,
But rise, exulting, to the spirit shore—
To thee whose goodness all thy children owe,
Thou universal Father! God alone!
Gorham, Me. January, 1850.

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